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BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1879.

No. 25.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT PLEA.

BY EDEN K. REXFORD.

Jesus, listen to my plea!
Knowing my unworthiness,
Turn I trustfully to Thee,
Asking Thou wilt love and bless.
Crimson with thy sinless stain,
At Thy feet my heart I lay;
Never one has asked in vain,
Wash the shameful sins away!

As a child who doeth wrong,
But repents when it is done,
Trusting through thy father's love
Peace and pardon may be won,
So I come to Thee, and say,
"I'm a sinner!" That is all;
And on thee I lean I lay,
Helpless in Thy arms I fall.

"I'm a sinner!"—that my plea,
Trusting that the blood of Christ
Shed for sin on Calvary,
Has for all my sin sufficed.
O the rapture of the soul
When Christ Jesus whispers me,
"I can make the sinner whole,
Thine the all-sufficient plea!"

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MR. GARRISON.

BY REV. D. DORCHESTER, D. D.

Mr. Garrison's advent in public life was at an opportune moment. While our country was waiting and dreaming of some providential way to be opened for the liberation of our oppressed millions, the cause of British emancipation, on the principle of immediate deliverance, was rapidly culminating. When Mr. Garrison reached manhood, the bold and sturdy examples of English Reformers were brilliant with omens of speedy success. Instructed by their experience, and nerved by his own redoubtable spirit, he struck the keynote of a great reform whose reverberations were destined to be heard throughout the world. On the first of January, 1831, he sent forth the first number of the *Liberator*, and three and a half years later emancipation was an accomplished fact in the British West Indies. It was in the midst of such significant and inspiring events that Mr. Garrison conceived the idea of organizing an Anti-slavery Society on the English plan of immediate emancipation. Hitherto American Anti-slavery champions had thought only of a gradual deliverance. Because of the radical character of the proposed movement,

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

was most easily effected. The movement was inaugurated at the suggestion of Mr. Garrison, ten months after the *Liberator* had been started, and after about two months of preliminary meetings. At the first meeting, on the 13th of November, of the fifteen gentlemen responding to Mr. Garrison's call, only nine were in favor of immediate action, and nothing was done. On the 16th of December, another meeting was held, consisting of William Lloyd Garrison, Samuel E. Sewell, David Lee Child, Isaac Knapp, Ellis Gray Loring, Oliver Johnson, Joshua Coffin, Robert B. Hall, Isaac Child, and John Cuts Smith. At this meeting, it was resolved to proceed to organize a society. Provision was made for drafting a constitution, and it was reported at another meeting, on the first of January, 1832, at which the following additional persons were present: Dr. Abner Phelps, Rev. Elijah Blanchard, Dr. Gamaliel Bradford, William J. Snelling, and Alonzo Lewis, the "Lyn Bard." Sharp differences appeared, and another meeting was found necessary on the 6th of January, to complete the work.

This meeting convened in the school-room under the African Baptist Church, on Belknap Street—the only public place, it was supposed, where such a meeting could be held. "Nigger Hill," as the locality was called, was regarded with contempt by most Bostonians in those days, and yet Boston's aristocracy lived on the southern slope of the same hill, not more than two hundred yards away. In this humble place, reminding us of the lowly birth of Jesus in the manger, in a "nigger school-house," low-ceiled, dingy, and dimly-lighted, on a dark and rainy night, with the streets full of slush, the elements, like the public sentiment, unpropitious without and the atmosphere, like their struggling hearts, depressing and gloomy within, was born the first Anti-slavery Society in the United States, on the radical principle of immediate emancipation—an organization which filled the land with mighty convulsive movements, the birth throes of freedom and civil life to a numerous people. A gentleman present on the occasion, said: "The whole atmosphere of the place was peculiarly depressing, while the drizzling sleet out-of-doors was typical of the state of public opinion in regard to us and our enterprise. It would be difficult to conceive of circumstances better calculated to fill us with discouragement and despair."

Two clauses in the preamble, declaring that the slaves had "a right to immediate freedom," and that "whoever retains his fellow-men in bondage is guilty of a grievous wrong," excited protracted debate. Some feared these clauses would repel from the movement many individuals whose co-operation was desired. This was the opinion of Messrs. Ellis Gray Loring, David Lee Child, and Samuel Sewell—the most intelligent persons present; but the preamble was adopted by twelve of the twenty gentlemen present, who signed the constitution in the following order: William Lloyd Garrison, Oliver Johnson, Robert B. Hall, Arnold Buffum, William J. Snelling, John E. Fuller, Moses Thacher, Joshua Coffin, Stillman J. Newcomb, Benjamin C. Bacon, Isaac Knapp, Henry K. Stockton.

Oliver Johnson was the youngest of the company, editor of a religious paper, a member of Dr. Beecher's Church, and a candidate for the ministry. Robert B. Hall was a theological student, and a member of the Essex Street Congregational Church. Arnold Buffum was a Quaker, who had traveled in England, was acquainted with Clarkson and Wilberforce, and became the first president of the Society. William J. Snelling was a journalist. John E. Fuller was a business man, and a member of Dr. Beecher's Church. Moses Thacher was the editor of the *Boston Telegraph*, and pastor of the Congregational Church at North Wrentham. Joshua Coffin is the gentleman honored in Whittier's lines, "To my old School-master." Mr. Newcomb was an earnest religious man. Mr. Bacon was an employee in the office of the American Education Society. Mr. Knapp was Mr. Garrison's partner, in publishing the *Liberator*; and Mr. Stockton was a printer by trade, connected with the *Boston Telegraph*. Such was the company of men who constituted the nucleus of this immediate emancipation movement—a Society the parent and forerunner of a multitude of others, destined to fill the country with an intense excitement. Neither of the three most intelligent and influential gentlemen just referred to—Messrs. Child, Loring, and Sewell—joined the Society. We have noticed that nearly all of the twelve first signers, and probably all, were decidedly religious men, and nearly every one members of the "Evangelical" Churches.

Of Mr. Garrison's religious position, at that time, we will speak more at length. His later religious views having undergone considerable change, and excited diverse comments and inquiries, it is a matter of considerable interest to notice what were his earlier religious convictions.

EARLIER RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS.

Under the influence of which he inaugurated this great movement. Those who knew him well, in his earlier years, have said that he possessed a nature deeply religious, "a positive genius for ethics," unusual keenness of moral perception, an invincible moral courage, and a sympathy for the unfortunate that scorned the limitations of race, color, or climate. On coming to Boston, in 1826, at the age of 21 years, he was recognized as soundly orthodox, and was a devout worshiper in Dr. Lyman Beecher's church. He was not a communicant, but had great reverence for God, for Christ, and the institutions of Christianity. "His views," says Mr. Oliver Johnson, "were neither Rationalistic nor Liberal, but soundly Orthodox. The Bible was his constant companion, the army from which he drew the weapons of his warfare. No clergyman, or theological professor, was more familiar with the Old Testament and the New than he was. The Hebrew prophets, Christ and his Apostles, were his model reformers, and his faith in God and the moral law was scarcely inferior to theirs." In the *Liberator* (April 12th, 1831) he said:—

"The Bible! The Bible! how shall the subtle obdurate heart, and awaken the sacred conscience; and successfully impeach the criminal conduct of slave owners; how shall we operate upon public opinion, and call into vigorous exercise the moral energies of the nation, and establish justice throughout our borders, and break down the middle walls of partition, which separate man from his fellow-men; how shall we preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, and transform the benighted and suffering slave into an enlightened and happy freeman, and the haughty master into a familiar friend—how shall we accomplish this, and more, without the Bible? . . . Take away the Bible, and our warfare with oppression, and infidelity, and intemperance, and impurity, and crime is at an end; our weapons are wrested away, our foundation is removed; we have no authority to speak, no courage to act."

His interpretation of Christianity was eminently Orthodox, and he relied upon the Churches and revivals of religion, as the hopeful instrumentalities for effecting the liberation of the slaves. In 1831, he declared, in the *Liberator*, that "nothing but extensive revivals of pure religion could save the country from great plagues and sudden destruction;" that "religious conversions

are Scriptural occurrences;" that the "kingdoms of this world can never become 'the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ' independently of great revivals;" that "if the present revivals be (as we trust they are) the fruit of the Holy Spirit, we pray that they may embrace the nation," etc.

He was also a strict observer of the Sabbath, and one who then knew him well has said, "He would no sooner have gone to the Post-office for his letters and papers, or taken a walk for recreation on that day, than he would have committed a theft."

In the *Liberator*, in 1831, appeared the following sonnet from his pen:—

THE SABBATH DAY.

"Faint prototype of Heaven, blest Sabbath day!
Emblem of an eternal rest to come;
Emancipator from vile Mammon's sway,
At whose approach a noisy world is dumb;
Urring regulator, sacred pledge;
Best friend and soother of the poor and weak;
A resting-place in our dear pilgrimage,
Where soul and body may refreshment seek;
If thou wert blotted out, our moral sun,
The huge eclipse would dress the world in gloom;
Confusion dire would seize on every one,
And peace, love, order, find a hasty tomb;
Then would oppression reign, then lust rebel,
Then violence abound, and earth resemble hell!"

MR. GARRISON'S SEVERITY.

From its first appearance, the *Liberator* was conducted with marked ability, but it was fierce in its denunciations, and fiery in its spirit. Its utterances came from hearts profoundly stirred with religious convictions of the terrible wrongs of the slave system. Warmly welcomed by a few earnest reformers, by others it was received with shudders and distrust, and by some it was soon regarded as "incendiary." Some of Mr. Garrison's sincere friends were not a little alarmed by his harsh and violent spirit. His friend, Rev. Samuel J. May, remonstrated with him on account of his severity. "Do try," said Mr. May, "to moderate your indignation, and keep more cool; why, you are all on fire!" Mr. Garrison laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, and said slowly, with much emotion, "Brother May, I need to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice around me to melt." From that hour Mr. May never complained of Mr. Garrison's style. On another occasion, he replied to the cautions of his friends: "Is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or write, or speak, with moderation. . . . I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead!" One day Mr. May met Dr. Channing in his study, when the conversation turned upon Mr. Garrison, and Dr. Channing complained of Garrison's severity. Mr. May took from the shelf the Doctor's famous essay upon Milton, and read:—

"Liberty was in peril. Great evils were struggling for perpetuity, and could only be broken down by great power. Milton felt that interests of great moment were at stake; and who will blame him for blinding himself to them with the whole energy of his great mind, and for defending them with fervor and vehemence? We must not mistake Christian benevolence, as if it had but one voice, that of soft entreaty. It can speak in piercing and awful tones. . . . That deep feeling of evils which is necessary to effectual conflict with them, and which marks God's most powerful messengers to mankind, cannot breathe itself in soft and tender accents. The deeply moved soul will speak strongly, and ought to speak so as to move and shake nations."

At the close of the reading, Dr. Channing bowed, and said, "I confess the quotation is not inapt, nor unfairly made."

SUPERFICIAL CRITICISM OF BIBLICAL CHARACTERS.

BY MRS. MARY STEVENS ROBINSON.

We alluded last week to certain comments evoked in society at large, by the late tragedy at Focasset. We proved conclusively, as we think, the insanity that must possess any obscure person who assumes to elevate himself to the level of Abraham, as a human instrument, to fulfill the purposes of the Ruler of the world; and indicated the inapplicable dignity of this Israelite—a dignity shared, though not equally, by one or two other members of the race. But two other considerations have occurred to us, which we present before we leave the subject to the meditation of our readers.

A vast amount of superficial criticism would be spared the answering, were the critics to whom we alluded less free and flippant in their comments upon the personages of whom the Scripture makes record; were they at some slight pains, also, to consider the *motives* of those personages before pronouncing an opinion of them. Every Christian has

heard commonplace reproaches of David, for example: "An adulterer, a deliberate murderer, yet a man after God's own heart!" Yes, a man after God's own heart! Have you ever informed yourself, Sir Cavalier, of the ancient idea of kingship—an idea still in force throughout much of the Old World? Have you a conception of the absolute power of the king, the awe where-with he was regarded, the universal belief in his inherent sanctity—the belief that he could not sin? Do you know that whatever the king did, it was thought he could do no wrong? Have you ever read of the majesty investing the person of the great king—for example, the king of Persia, in whose presence it was death to smile; whose queen fainted when she dared once to enter his presence unsummoned, although upon this act depended the existence of a nation; before whom persons sometimes fell dead, overcome by the majesty that represented to them the power and holiness of God? Well, bearing in mind this awe, inconceivable to us, attaching to a monarch, have you ever read or heard, in ancient or modern history, of another king than David making public, explicit confession of his sin before his court and nation, before the civilized world, in fact—for his nation was the mightiest of any at the time—a confession recorded, to stand for all time, and to be promulgated over the globe,—of such a king writing and publishing this deeply penitential confession, acknowledging himself to be a sinner, "shapen in iniquity?" When you can refer to no other such instance of royal repentance, we will discuss with you the comparative moral status of the Hebrew monarch. For ourselves, again and again have we given thanks that the objects of God's love are not the perfect, or nearly perfect, men alone—the Abels, Enochs, Jobs, Daniels—but that His paternal heart is open to those who are at a broken and contrite spirit because of their transgressions; those who struggled with sin, conquered their temptations, and grew in holiness.

If, then, we pause a moment to consider the objective and subjective elements of the record of Abraham, we shall perceive, in addition to the dignity wherewith he was invested, and that crown of sorrow was placed upon his patriarchal head. Early in life death robbed him of his elder brother Haran, the first man of whom it is written that he died before his father. The exceptional character of this bereavement must have rendered it a keen one. Following was the call to leave his country, his kindred, and his father's house, the sundering of the ties and memories of his youth and ripeness age. Then came famine in place of the promised plenty; weary wanderings; the fear of losing his wife; the parting from his nephew, the only one of his kindred left to him; domestic sorrows; strife, wars; the long, silently-advancing old age without an heir. Finally, the heart-rending sacrifice, sorrow's acute of sorrow, when God would have him slay his son, his "only," "Isaac," "whom thou lovest." It seems as if he took a cruel pleasure in piercing the father's soul. Surely no merely human being was ever more fully invested with the dignity of eminence and the dignity of sorrow!

The idea of sacrifice was universal in his era. Coeval with Abel, hence with Adam, had survived the flood, though perverted, as is often the case with the observances of humanity, by that which was noblest in the conception. Since the offering of what is most precious is acceptable, reasoned the idolaters, we will offer a human being, the noblest of all created objects. Hence human sacrifices, abhorred at a later period, were general in Abraham's day, both in Chaldea and Canaan. It was as familiar, perhaps, to the eyes of this patriarch, as the sound of church bells to our ears; and no direct command against it had been promulgated. A law against homicide had been uttered, indeed (Gen. 9: 6). Whether it had been written, we know not. Cain and Lamech had each slain a man to their hurt; but had not been subjected to the penalty of this law. And though Shem was contemporary with Abraham for a century and a half, they may never have met. The strong probability is that the heathen educated Chaldean (Josh. 24: 1) knew not this law. If he did know it, he knew that exception to its penalty was made in the case of the executioner; and he may have supposed that a similar exception was made for the person offering sacrifice. Be this as it may, it is by no means clear that the three men whom we have named as having perceived the true God were so illuminated as to be a law unto themselves in all the details of life. They are not described as reformers. It does not appear that they protested against the customs prevalent among their contemporaries. Though guarding the belief in God in their hearts, and preserved thereby from the excesses of the world about them, isolated to some degree from this latter by their partial illumina-

tion, they yet remained uneducated in many points of faith and practice. Abraham lived five hundred years and more, prior to the giving of the law upon Sinai. The spiritual idea of sacrifice had become perverted from the act of offering, of consecration, to the coarser act of slaying. By his germ of faith he was taught the spiritual significance of sacrifice in the crowning test of his life—the command to offer to his God the most precious object of his love. It would appear that he suspended his judgment, so to speak, of this command. Calm in his great faith, knowing that the Judge of all the earth would do right, he trusted that his own consciousness of right was to receive no fatal shock, nor yet that the promise previously made to him was to be violated. To his retinue he said: "I and the lad will go yonder . . . and come again to you." To Isaac's question as to the offering, he replied that God would provide one, as He did. By the divine prohibition not to slay his son, coupled with the declaration that the spiritual sacrifice had been completed by his obedience, the distinction between offering a sacrifice, and slaying, was taught him; the abomination of human sacrifice was implied. This peculiar consecration remained a characteristic of the Hebrew sacrificial death throughout its subsequent dispensation. Taylor Lewis, writing on this august theme of the offering of Isaac, remarks that in it "the distinction between the holy sacrifice of the people of God, and the sacrificial abominations of idolaters, is completed. In the Crucifixion, these two sacrifices came together outwardly, while actually, spiritually, they are separated as widely as heaven and hell. Christ yields Himself in obedience to the will of the Father, to the judgment of the world. This is the fulfilling of the Israelitic sacrifice. Caiaphas will suffer the innocent to die for the good of the people, and Pilate yields Him to the will of men. This is the completion of the Moloch sacrifice."

The crime to which we have alluded has given rise to much vain talk upon reason *versus* the Bible, and reason with the Bible. It suffices to say that while all Protestants agree in the right of private judgment as opposed to the dicta of a hierarchy, all evangelical Protestants accept the statement that no Scripture is of private interpretation, to be arrogated by any individual, or individuals, as exclusively applicable to themselves; but that it, like any other book, is to be understood according to the common-sense of its many, and the best sense of its wisest, readers.

Let no man say, when tempted to violate the clearly-known law of God, or the clear light of conscience, I am tempted of God. "For God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man. But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed."

A SABBATH IN SPRINGFIELD.

BY REV. M. TRAFONT, D. D.

The writer's first Sabbath in this city was in 1847; this is thirty-two years later, but these three decades have wrought very great changes in the religious aspect of the city.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in June, and the musical bells break the universal silence, and shake the air with their sonorous peals. The old First Church bell gives the key to the grand anthem, and the others, either from a profound reverence for the "old watches," or because the sextons had no watches, or had less confidence in their accuracy, chimed in one after another like the several parts in an old fugue tune, until the whole air quivered and throbbed with the rolling strokes of the iron tongues. There is to me nothing like a Sabbath in the country, unless it be a Sabbath in the woods. The universal hush, the impressive sense of rest! There no scream of locomotives tortures the ear and breaks the charm of that sacred silence. No street-cars or omnibuses rumble through the streets. The early milk-wagons have come and gone. No carriages rattle along the roads, save an occasional doctor's sulky or chaise which passes along with a pause now and then at a door where the pale light of the lamp has struggled all the long night with darkness, and tireless affection has waited on suffering. Thank God for this day of rest!

The bells are all now joining in their glad and thrilling tones. The Pyncheon Street follows the first stroke of the "First Church." Brother Murphy, the sexton, has been grasping the rope for some minutes before he settles his weight upon it and brings out the sharp response which gave me a thrill as I sat in my study opposite. The bell still rings, but the old sexton does not hear the familiar tones; he has dropped asleep, and rests in the cemetery yonder on the hill.

The Baptist bell follows close by us on Main Street, and now you hear the Unitarian on State, and the South

Church farther down, and far away are heard the lighter tones of Union M. E. Church on "the hill." These were all in those days. But the people were accommodated, and the churches were well filled.

I have introduced these Sabbath chimings as a musical basis for a short notice of the great changes which thirty years have wrought in the status and personality of the Churches and pastors in this city. The old bells are here still, and Sabbath after Sabbath, the winter past, their familiar tones have filled the wintry air with sweet music. The old Pyncheon Street church is converted into some sort of a warehouse, and I often walk past it, and look into the open door through which I entered on that first Sabbath morning of my pastorate, with every nerve in my system quivering with intense excitement. My immediate predecessor was George Landon, who had for two years filled the church by his rare powers. He had been appointed to Union Street, and his fears were that the congregation would follow him. He is still alive—a Pennsylvania farmer.

But the old bell has not relaxed from its high vocation, but from a loftier elevation still calls the worshippers to the new and commodious Trinity church on Bridge Street. The Union Street-bell is transferred to the new church on State Street, while the old building is gone, and the lot sold to fill out the extensive grounds of a citizen. The Baptist bell still calls the people to the old church, but the old pastor, Rev. Mr. Clark, is, I think, dead. I recall him as a moderate-sized man of sandy complexion, and of immense activity; all red-haired people are. He was a great visitor, and it did not appear to make any difference with him whether the families belonged to his parish or not. A second Baptist Church has been formed on State Street (Rev. Mr. Potter, pastor). A live man, and a live Church!

The "First Parish" bell still swings in the old steeple, and for months past, Sabbath by Sabbath, has called the people to listen to another candidate for the vacant pastorate. How often has that old church been emptied of its throng by the sexton's *perpetuum mobile*! Up the broad aisle on a summer Sabbath morning has the proud young father borne his first-born in his arms, and by his side the happy, blushing mother, while the clergyman reads the tender words, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and then drops the crystal water upon its forehead.

A few years pass, and on a cold wintry day, while the wind howls without, and the snow and hail beat against the rattling casements, a sad procession slowly marches up the aisle, followed by a few apparently uninterested persons, not mourners surely, and the same child, which seventy years before was borne in for baptism, is now brought in for burial, while the old pastor with moist eyes, reads: "The days of our years are three-score and ten, and if from strength they be fourscore, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

I love to go into an old church, venerable in its age, and sanctified by the sacred services of years. Our churches are new, and smell of paint and varnish and musk; and our religion seems young and flashy. I may be weak, or hard to please, but I confess I can feel no veneration, nor sense of sacredness in a place—call it a church if you will—where the night before I saw a crowd, with loud laugh and coarse jest, stuffing themselves at fifty cents a plate; and then with drawing of lotteries, theatricals, and comic songs, making up an entertainment for the giddy throng. "What, have ye not houses to eat and to drink in?" inquires the indignant apostle. But "we must have money for our current expenses." I answer, either reduce your number of churches until they are brought within your financial ability, or engage a hall for these extra efforts, and preserve the sanctity of the church edifice.

The "First Parish" escaped the church-building epidemic which swept over this city with such fatal results immediately after the close of the Rebellion. Then every one was rich, or would be before night. Churches, palatial residences, school-houses, prisons, poor-houses, cemeteries, monuments, trotting-parks, were erected, built, laid out and embellished without regard to cost, and little to location or demand. One of the finest buildings in this city is the poor-house, and a saving of money, had that been an object, might have been secured by putting the paupers to board at the Massachusetts House. On that morning referred to at the opening of this epistle, the Unitarian bell rang out its clear tones from the steeple of a large wooden church near the junction of State and Main Streets. The pastor, Rev. O. B. Peabody, able, devoted, and universally esteemed, died that year—a great loss to his people

and the community. The church was large enough and good enough for any people, but competition had started; and who shall have the finest church, was the question. The society secured a lot a short distance above, on State Street, and erected an elegant stone church. The stone steps of the old building remain, channeled and worn by the feet of generations long since laid away.

On the evening of the day of this writing, March 21, I see by the papers that Rev. Mr. Mayo, the present incumbent of that pulpit, gives a sketch of the life and character of Rev. Mr. Peabody.

The Old South bell now sends out its peal from the new stone church erected on Maple Street. Rev. Mr. Buckingham was installed pastor of the South Church during the first year of my pastorate at Pyncheon Street. The "South" was also a commodious, well-proportioned, good-looking church, but it was constructed of wood! "Many of us dwell in stone and brick houses, and shall the ark of God rest within wooden walls? Never, so long as there is stone in the Longmeadow quarries, and skill in Springfield to cut it," and the gorgeous church went up.

Then the Universalists caught the infection. They had built a modest brick church on Main Street, with stores in the basement. But it was in the noisy part of the city; it seemed, also, an attempt to blend universal salvation with a general assortment of dry goods and groceries. It had no steeple and no bell. So up rose the people, and a fine brick church was erected on Chestnut Street, corner of Bridge.

The North Church, gathered in a hall, had erected a good, plain brick edifice on Main Street, but the fever seized them, and a grand stone building looks down upon its former lowly site from the corner of Pearl and Elliott Streets. Mr. Gladden is pastor.

The Episcopal society were ashamed of their old wooden structure on State Street, and a lot on Chestnut Street, costing the little sum of \$40,000, was covered by a splendid free-stone building, at once convenient and tasteful. A brother of Phillips Brooks is the pastor.

The Memorial Church had commenced the building of their fine granite house in 1867, and it was completed in two years, and is situated on North Main Street.

The Roman Catholics

Miscellaneous.

THE LEAVEN AND THE NEW LIFE.

BY REV. A. J. CHURCH, D. D.

Our Lord's parables are so simple that it seems as if any one could produce their like; but no literature has paralleled them. Let the cleverest try his hand on such a production, and he will find how peerless they are. Tom Marshall, Kentucky's great orator, once challenged good old Dr. Breckenridge to preach in parables. "I do not," was the frank reply, "because I cannot make them!" "Why," said the statesman, "they are easy enough. I could write parables." "Could you?" said the divine. "Then furnish me two or three specimens." When they met, the orator surrendered. "I am beaten. Every effort was a failure. No man can make such parables any more than he could do the miracles of Christ."

Where is there such a lucid picture of man's need of religion as in this story of the "leaven"—the yeast which a woman hid in three measures of meal, and left in a warm place till it raised the whole mass? Can a man be good without a felt experience of the change wrought by grace? Did Christ really mean it—"Ye must be born again?" Must flour be mixed with yeast before it will make bread? No, there is unleavened bread, such as the Jews use at Passover. There are unregenerate good men, honest, kind, truthful, temperate men, but they are not Christians. The goodness is a sort of automaton—all machinery and no soul. Such a one's goodness is so precise, his way so correct, his character so nicely veneered and varnished, that there seems to be no chance for saying, "You must be born again." Yet there is no piety in him, or devout and holy aspirations, or love for God or man. Now he comes as near being a Christian as baked flour is to bread without any yeast in it. The new principle makes it just for use. Your mortal makes it in the good ways and habits taught him by his parents; the regenerate man feels the new life within him—the thrill, the joy, the inspiration of love; and does from love to God and man what the other party does because trained to do so. J. F. Clarke contrasts the conscientious man who lives by morals, and "whose religion is hard work," with the Christian believer, "who has begun to live by faith; to feel a higher life pouring into his heart from on high; who has help and strength from above. From his heart the burden has been lifted, and he has become again as a little child. He knows how to pray the prayer of faith. He may not be so very much better than the other in outward character; but he has the principle within him which will make all things new." A pretty fair description of the new birth for a Unitarian.

Nor will false principles make good men any more than bad heaven will produce good bread. Champions of error always put those they deceive off their guard, by pretending that it matters not what one believes, if his intentions are right—a cunning pill, by which thousands have been poisoned instead of leavened. It makes all the difference among men what principles they cherish. A man's faith determines his actions and his life. It is faith in God and His truth, that lifts a man above himself into the plane of the heroic and sublime workers and witnesses "who have overcome," and set their names high on the roll of eternal precept. It is faith in self, and the profit of self-indulgence, that has transformed noble sons and beautiful daughters into the millions of howling wretches that crawl into the green and fetid sloughs of vice and despair. Many a batch of bread has been flung away because the yeast made it sour, heavy or hard. So millions of souls have been flung away because leavened by an infidel book, a lying preacher, or a soiled companion. Yet what multitudes there are who raise a fuss about poor bread, and then swallow any shame or falsehood if it is coated with tasteful names and rhetoric, and with novelty. It was false principles which made Voltaire the apostle of hate and blood to a people who believed him and rushed with him into the whirlwind of wreck and ruin. It was right principles that made John Wesley "the mightiest man for the good of his race since his Master went to heaven," as Brother Talmage said, and the apostle of the new revival dispensation that has brought joy and salvation to so many millions and has started the Churches on the beneficent crusade to subdue this earth to God. What a difference in the leaven!

Moreover, Christianity can make good men out of bad, as good yeast will make poor flour into healthy and acceptable food. The value of bread is not according to its whiteness, as so many cooks imagine. Three-fourths of the race never saw or tasted white bread, but relish it and live well on it, if it be well raised and cooked. So our religion does not produce its only good among the select and dainty few who want a very nice religion; it is good and wholesome life among the poor, the sweaty and sooty toilers, the downcast and forlorn. It is the glory of Christ that His grace is so assimilating that idolaters, thieves, drunkards, harlots, and basely wronged and soiled souls, are made into white and loving souls, and He flings a radiant beauty and lustre over all its trophies. "Though thou hast been among the pots, thou shalt be as white as silver." See Nelson forsake the piracy of the

slave trade to become a saintly hero; Bunyan abandon the gin mills to dream a dream that has entranced the world; Wash go with a murderer's stigma on his soul to be the great apostle to convicts in Botany Bay; Gough, Reynolds, O'good, Sawyer, Murphy—poor slaves of drink—set free to win their tens of thousands from the same base thralldom to liberty and honor in Jesus.

See it march in its stately conquests till it has leavened the whole lump of humanity; till it has sent the thrill of a new life into the old dead formalism of State Churches, and even the Greek and Roman hierarchies are penetrated with its heavenly glow, and are reconverted to Christ and the mission of salvation, instead of to pomp and proselytism; till it has lifted up the fallen, sanctified the vile, enlightened the benighted, comforted the sad, and liberated the oppressed of every land, emptied every prison, righted every wrong, and corrected every abuse. This it must do. This it will do. The earth must be full of the knowledge of the Lord. All nations shall worship him. Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal, and left it till the whole was leavened.

CONCERNING THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

BY REV. CHARLES E. WALKER.

We are living at a time when the cry of "reform" is heard on every hand. It is apparent to any careful observer that we have reached a point where various changes are demanded in the time and manner of burying our dead. The first point at which reform is demanded is in the custom of holding the funeral service on the Sabbath. It prevails to a large extent in many of our communities, and is alarmingly on the increase. In case of death strenuous efforts are put forth to arrange for the funeral on that day, and the preparations for burial are often indecently hastened, or the process of decomposition arrested for several days by packing the body in ice. It would no doubt be very appropriate amid the hallowed associations of the Sabbath to lay our loved ones away in the sleep of death, if it could be done quietly and without, in a measure, breaking in upon the sacredness of the day. As such services are at present conducted this would be impossible. Indeed, the chief reason for selecting the Sabbath is that ordinary business will prevent no one from attending, and the occasion is the more favorable to gratify pride of display or parade. The attendance that is thus drawn together, oftentimes coming from a distance of several miles around, is the occasion of a great amount of Sabbath breaking, and is extremely demoralizing. It breaks in upon the services of the Church, detracts from the attendance for the day, while in many of our smaller communities the funeral is appointed at the very hour of worship. Everything must give way before such an appointment. The church must be closed, the people, hungry for the bread of life, must go unfed, while the minister with a few others is engaged in burying the dead. Well might we remember at such times the words of Christ to one of His disciples on a similar occasion, "Let the dead bury their dead."

The Protestant clergymen of the city of Washington, two years ago, entered into an agreement to attend no funeral on the Sabbath without the certificate of a physician to the fact of burial on that day being a sanitary necessity. The Illinois Conference at its last session resolved, "To discourage as far as possible the holding of funerals on the Sabbath." And this movement against Sunday funerals will continue till they are utterly abolished.

Reform is also demanded in the line of expenditure. Fashion, that dreaded tyrant of to-day, demands extravagant outlay on such occasions. It has become an expensive operation for one to die and be buried after the usual style. The casket must have elaborate and expensive trimmings. Yet it is to be seen only for a day, and then laid away in the ground to decay. There must be a profusion of the most beautiful flowers, arranged with exquisite taste, in nozzles, hays, crosses, and crowns. Yet can their beauty or fragrance make more glorious the death of the righteous, or lessen the dread of the sinner's doom? It is not the flowers to which we object, but the item of expense which they so largely increase. A magnificent hearse, with richly caparisoned horses, must bear the body to the grave, while the long line of carriages follows in stately yet solemn procession. And thus a bill of expense is rolled up which often swells away the hard earnings of years, or imposes a burden of debt which will require a long struggle and sacrifice for its liquidation. While a few may be able to meet this extravagant outlay, the great mass of the people are not; yet the strength of their affection would prompt them to bestow upon their dead the same consideration that is lavished by the rich.

It is time that we did away with the present custom of eulogizing the dead. Of what avail to them our flattery or praise? They have reached the end of their probation, and entered upon their eternal destiny; by their own unheeded choice they have fixed their everlasting condition. They have left behind them the record of their lives. Those who have come in contact with them have seen their excellences of character, as well as their weaknesses and defects. Their virtues need no praising, their faults or sins no setting

forth in any other light. If any words are spoken they should be for the encouragement of those who are still struggling amid the conflicts of life. What possible good can result from an empty panegyric over the dead? Christianity extracts the sting of death, and dispels the darkness of the grave. As we lay away our dead in hope of a glorious resurrection at the last day, it should be with Christian resignation and triumph. Few, indeed, should be the words said. The heart knows its own bitterness. Appropriate selections from God's Word in relation to human life and destiny, and others full of sweetest consolation and victory, may be read. Then, with a simple prayer in behalf of the living, the dead should be laid away.

The custom of employing several ministers to assist in the different parts of a funeral service is in poor taste at the best, and utterly at variance with all ideas of a becoming simplicity. It is done only to flatter human vanity, and no good can possibly be derived from it. Four times during the past year the writer has been called upon by two others to share the arduous (?) duties of an ordinary funeral; and frequently to divide the responsibilities of such an occasion between himself and one other. If a minister lacks the requisite taste and ability to properly conduct such a service, notify the proper authorities and have him removed from the pastorate; but do not stoop to the unreasonable practice of asking him to assist at such services, or of requiring some one to assist him.

Then, too, the mourning garb—the conventional habiliments of sorrow—is exceedingly inappropriate under the sublime teachings of Christianity. Why array one's self in somber black when death has invaded the home? Is the grave shrouded in gloom? Have we no light concerning what lies beyond? Is our sorrow utterly without hope? Or, are we anxious to proclaim to the world that we have been smitten in heart? Is it a bid for their sympathy and commiseration? Real grief is unobtrusive. It sheds its tears in silence and concealment. Too often the expressive mourning garb covers the hollow hypocrisy that would thus feign its grief.

How mean is all pomp and display in such an hour! How contemptible is praise and flattery! How empty are the honors of the world! In simplicity and with becoming reverence we should lay down our dead; take courage over their successes, avoid their failures, brush away our tears, and, taking up again the tasks of life, make sure of accomplishing its great end.

THE BLESSING.

A religious weekly in New York made some remarks on the ceremony sometimes used in the Roman Catholic Church of blessing the cattle—of the impropriety of the priest blessing the cows and other animals belonging to a parishioner. A Romanist journal replied that it was far more appropriate for a priest to bless a living animal, than for a Protestant minister when invited to dinner to bless a dead carcass before partaking of a nicely roasted turkey. To this it was rejoined that the Protestant did not bless the turkey, or ask the blessing of God upon a dead carcass, but, following the example of the Saviour, "blessed, or gave God thanks" for the provision He had given.

But I would ask, do not many ministers and others give some occasion for the remark of the Catholic editor about blessing a dead turkey? Do not many, in saying grace before meat ask God to sanctify and bless the food before them, when He has already blessed it? Have we not mottoes in our houses of this import, "O God bless our daily bread," while in the form of bread, He has blessed it for our use? Children seeing these mottoes, and hearing the blessing asked on the food, learn to follow the erroneous practice, and fall of the benefit arising from rightly appreciating the giving of thanks to God for our daily food, and the bounty with which He daily loads us. Grace properly rendered is the expression of gratitude to our Heavenly Father, and a constant acknowledgment of our dependence on His care and bounty. It thus becomes an element of religious instruction, and as such is highly promotive of our spiritual profit and usefulness. C.

Correspondence.

FROM WASHINGTON.

A Scotchman who has become a citizen of the United States, and who is now spending the summer traveling in Europe, writes to the *Evening Star* of this city, and says, in closing, "Turning to America, I will say, by way of improvement, give us Washington before any other country, for the winter season. How favorable our American climate is compared with the European!" And I can add to this commendation, by saying, give us Washington in the summer season. People are beginning to realize that they can here spend the summer at less cost and with far more comfort than at the summer resorts. Where I am now writing I can raise my eyes from the paper and look out on the Potomac, where ships, steamboats and tugs are passing, on Annapolis Island, on the fresh green Virginia and Maryland hills, and Arlington; to my right Alexandria, to my left the city of Washington, the observatory, the monument, the Capitol with its white dome, and the waving trees of the park, and reservations.

Friday, the 30th of May, was again devoted to the decoration of the graves around Washington of those brave men who fell in the defense of our national Union. Eleven years ago the 5th of May, by order of Gen. John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, the 30th of May was designated as a day to be set aside for this sacred and patriotic service.

At first services were performed at Arlington only, but more recently speakers have been chosen, poems prepared, and services held at the Soldiers' Home, and in all the national cemeteries around Washington. The President and Mrs. Hayes arrived at Arlington soon after eleven o'clock. Before the oration Mrs. Hayes visited the tomb of the unknown, where repose the remains of eleven hundred of our brave soldiers, and placed a beautiful wreath of fragrant flowers thereon. Her example was followed by others, and in less than five minutes this resting-place of the dead heroes was one mass of flowers.

At this spot the procession started, and at the head of each grave a small Union flag was placed, and on each breast flowers were laid. The day was clear and beautiful. From all the public buildings floated flags at half mast. The streets after early morning were deserted. Thousands left on excursions, by rail and river, for picnics, parties and pleasure trips. The vehicles, pedestrians and crowded street-cars that passed through Georgetown en route for Arlington, seemed endless.

The cemetery of the Soldiers' Home was very impressive. The Secretary of War and Gen. Sherman were present. The pavilion was draped with American flags, and the veterans of the Home, 250 in number, attended in a body.

One of the most pleasant picnics of the season was the sacred soil of the old domain, Carlin Springs, Va., where the forts with their deadly guns guarded our capital in 1864 and '65. There hark back to the days of the Civil War, when the battle of Appomattox was fought, and the Union was preserved. In the large pavilion and around the grounds were spread, in long rows, the good things that tempt the appetite. The reason why I speak of this picnic so particularly is the fact that the assembled four hundred adults and children were composed of both Northern and Southern people—all happy and harmonious.

Soon after the war several families of Northern people settled at Falls Church. The place was then devastated by the war, but now, in riding through the green fields, dotted with flourishing orchards, in looking at the neat white houses nestled amid vines and flowering shrubs, and surrounded with vineyards, I feel as if I were in a new world, believing it best that a minister should quit his credit as a good.

My second year was one of great labor and great victory. About one hundred souls were brought to the Lord, and one good man won to the work of the ministry who is still at his post. At the end of this year our last ascended Bishop made a deacon, and sent me to another new field.

We have always thanked God for all our appointments, but especially for this, though the constant strain I brought upon my nervous system in study and toiled began to make inroads upon me in the direction of nervous dyspepsia. In the end of my second year on this charge I was reduced to a miserable plight.

At the May Conference of 1861, Bishop Scott set me aside as an elder, and my Presiding Elder advised me to accept an appointment on the seaboard, let my books remain, and all back on my old sermons as much as circumstances would allow, and entertain more calls for professional services, which would be in good demand where he would send me. The advice being good, I took it, and the appointment. In a year and a half I was quite recovered and could again bear a deal of work.

Then came diphtheria, and though it did not take me in the grave, as it did my little girl, it laid me by for the rest of that second year; and Conference, on the first of May, 1863, placed me on the shelf of the superannuated, and led me to return to the pursuits of my profession, and the care of my family, and to follow my own way in the use of my religious gifts as my returning strength should permit. Two years were thus passed, and a large practice came into my hands; but my nervous system did not so rally at that time that I could conscientiously and religiously work, and I felt forced to do what I could, the saddest act of all my life—ask a vacation. So on May 19, 1865, Bishop Baker dissolved my relation with the best men I ever knew, and the work which had been my delight to do.

Fourteen years have since gone, and I have not yet seen the way clear to re-enter the regular work. As an opportunity offers I still try to do a little for the Master. During the last Conference year, I notice that, in addition to the labor incident to a preacher in this city, and numerous calls to charitable institutions, and to the care of my family, I have been called upon to deliver a religious lecture before the Boston Dialectic Society, and to deliver a lecture before the College and other audiences, and various contributions on religious and scientific subjects. I have baptized two adults and six children; have married three couples, attended three funerals, administered the sacrament on nine occasions, preached the word of God, and given \$137.11 for religious purposes.

It would have been a pleasure to have done better than this; but I am in the Lord's hands and must abide as well as do His will. The happy May will come!

E. CHENEY, M. D.

Educational.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE.

The exercises of the week began Sabbath morning, June 1, with a lecture in the chapel of the Seminary, made peculiarly interesting by reason of the marked religious interest exhibited during the term. At this service two students were baptized. In the afternoon Rev. C. Munger preached the Baccalaureate sermon, the exercises being participated in by H. H. Torrey and Professors J. L. Morse and G. H. Stone. In the evening the anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was observed, and an eloquent and womanly address was pronounced by Mrs. Dr. Daniel Steele, of Salem, Mass.

After the examinations of Monday, June 2, the evening was devoted to the Class Day exercises of the graduates—five in number—from the College course. The president of the class, Sybil E. Abbott, of South Bethel, addressed the faculty and students of the institution, and Professor J. L. Morse responded. Carrie E. Allen, of Hallowell, delivered an oration on "Woman, her present claims and opportunities," in which she urged the importance of that culture and discipline which enables woman to succeed in such trades, occupations and professions as are founded in the highest development of natural skill and scholarly ability. Fannie R. Waterman, of Buxton, read the poem, paying a compliment to William Cutler Bryant. Mary F. Parks, of Chester, read a poem, and the class ode, German and English. M. Lenora Adams, of Litchfield, told her prophetic dream. Miss Abbott gave worthy advice to the members of the class. The faring song was sung with a final chorus of hand-shaking and good-bye. The piano solo by Ada C. Murch, and the song by Mrs. W. F. Morse, were beautifully rendered. Class Day is a new feature of Ken's Hill commencement, and was not surpassed in interest by any other entertainment of the week.

Tuesday, June 3, was occupied with examinations; and in the evening a large audience gathered at the church to hear the prize declamations and readings. Six young gentlemen and six young ladies were the contestants for two prizes. Rev. A. McKee, D. D., Professor C. T. Winchester, and Rev. A. S. Ladd, as committee, awarded the prizes—the Dana prize, for excellence in declamation, to N. D. Clifford, of China, with honorable mention of Charles

M. Allen, Orono; for reading, to M. Lenora Adams, of Litchfield, with honorable mention of Carrie E. Allen, of Hallowell, and Fannie R. Waterman, of Buxton. The full exercises were of a high order. Much credit belongs to Rev. C. Munger, who had charge of the preliminary training.

Wednesday morning Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, addressed the Adelphi and Literary Societies on "London one hundred years ago." In the afternoon, Dr. A. McKee, of Boston, delivered an oration before the Ken's Hill Society, on "Orators and Oratory." The first of these addresses gave us, with rare ease and elegance of expression, pictures of Gibbon, Garrison, Burke, Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith and other remarkable personages of the times. Dr. McKee gave his hearers a ringing and eloquent illustration of his own subject. At the close of this oration, the dining-hall of the Seminary was crowded with the old students and friends, who gathered at the semi-centennial celebration of the Callopan society. After the abundant dinner, speeches were made and songs sung. Dr. Torrey, who presided as task-master called out most enjoyable reminiscences from Rev. Joseph Cummings, L. D., of Malden, Mass., Hon. John J. Perry, Rev. S. Allen, D. D., J. W. Munger, esq., Rev. A. S. Ladd and others, who narrated exercises in Ken's Hill Hall, dating back some of them, more than fifty years. It was a day of precious recollections. In the evening, the Music department, directed by Professor W. F. Morse, gave a concert of musical excellence.

Thursday was devoted to the Commencement paper, twenty young ladies and gentlemen taking part in the exercises. Valuable addresses by the degree of A. B. was conferred upon Sybil E. Abbott, M. Lenora Adams, Carrie E. Allen, Mary F. Parks and Fannie R. Waterman. The diploma of the Classical course was granted to John R. Clifford, Nathaniel D. Clifford, John H. Keel, Walter L. Pettigill, Charles A. Litchfield, Joseph B. Reed, Jr., and Frank S. Warren. The diploma of the Scientific course was granted to Carrie A. Craig, Kate Harnden, F. Belle Hobart, Eva A. King, Prince E. Luce, and Edward O. Robinson. The diploma of the Normal course was granted to Kate Harnden, Fletcher Humphrey, Prince E. Luce, Annie B. Mears, and Nanette P. Pike, South Wayne.

Rev. Joseph Cummings, L. D., committee on the Society prize, the gift of Mrs. A. F. Chase, reported as follows: The prize was awarded to member of the Adelphi Club, Callopan or Literary Society, who shall prepare the best English essay on either of the following subjects, "The Utility of the Mathematics," or "The Utility of the Classics," is awarded to Carrie E. Allen, of Hallowell, of the Adelphi Society, with honorable mention of Ernest P. Clark, of Riverside, of the Literary Society. The prize for improvement in Penmanship, the gift of Professor J. Perley, were awarded to Forest L. Rivers and Harry J. Pulsifer. The prizes for excellence in Book Keeping were awarded to M. E. Sampson, of Ken's Hill, and Augusta S. Timberlake, of Litchfield.

On Thursday evening the old chapel, by special request of friends, preceded by a benefit concert to Professor W. F. Morse. In this brief entertainment the excellent artists from Boston, Mr. Dorn, with violin, and Mr. Calum, with clarinet, were ably supported by Miss Hattie U. Andrews, pianist of Fall River, and the music department of the school. It was a treat, never, in kind, surpassed at Ken's Hill.

The trustees, at their annual meeting, found the school in a prosperous condition. Their number was increased by the death of Rev. Enoch Sanderson and R. W. Dunn, esq. The school is prospering in its various departments, and in spite of the hard times, the number of students is increasing. A valuable geological collection is now being prepared at the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, designed as a guide to this institution. The natural history collections have just been provided with elegant and commodious cases, the gift of Hon. J. A. Locke, and A. J. Bletten, esq., of Portland.

During the last three years the library has been increased, by donations and purchases, more than fifteen hundred volumes.

JOHN S. CHENEY.

Our Book Table.

Roberts Brothers publish in their No. 2 (second) Series, THE COLONEL'S OPERA CLOAK. It is a comedy, written by Miss Chaplin, and is a very simple and very well-told and amusing story. The manner in which the story is told is no more than the Colonel's Opera Cloak—is made to fill its conspicuous place in the tale, is very funny. A graphic picture is given of a very common, although far from the high, example of a Southern woman, married to a laborer or household slave, selfish, arrogant, helpless and deceitful, impoverished by the war, and unwilling to submit to the incident deprivation, and living upon the generosity of creditors. The real heroine of the story, Leslie, is a beautiful and artless character, well educated; and the story of old Pomp, the aged colored servant who clings to the family in its fallen circumstances, is as realistic as the Uncle Tom of Mrs. Stowe. It is a brisk and attractive volume, just adapted for vacation reading.

Scribner & Company, the publishers of the new and popular selections of hymns and tunes for public worship, by Dr. Charles S. Robinson, entitled "Spiritual Songs," issue A SELECTION OF SPIRITUAL SONGS, WITH MUSIC ADAPTED TO THE USE OF SOCIAL MEETINGS. The present volume, a handsome duodecimo, well bound, of 257 pages, is chiefly made up from the pages of the larger work. A few popular chorus tunes and hymns are added. The whole makes 553 hymns and 330 tunes, and is published for 75 cents, with a discount of twenty per cent. to Churches that buy in quantity. It seems to us to be a very successful effort to secure the singing of the same hymns and tunes in social meetings that are used in the sanctuary, and thus at once to unite the latter, and enable the congregation, by familiar use, to sing more generally and fervently the hymns used in the public worship of the sanctuary. Dr. Robinson has achieved remarkable success in his volumes prepared for the service of song. In Congregational, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches they are becoming more generally used than any other collection.

Without any qualification, the most complete and best text-book upon Bee-culture is QUIMBY'S NEW BEE-KEEPING, combining the results of fifty years' experience with the latest discoveries. The work is finely published by the Orange Judd Company, New York. It is sold for \$1.50. The volume will be sent post-paid at this price, to any person desiring it. It is abundantly illustrated, and is so clearly written that any intelligent reader can avail himself of its instruction in entering upon the task of bee-farming. Our enthusiastic honey-gatherer entitles his lively record of his successful experience in this line, "The Blessed Bees!"

We referred, at the time of its occurrence, to our appreciation of the loss to the literary and religious world occasioned by the death of the late Thomas J. Munford. A beautifully-published memorial of him has been issued from the press of George H. Ellis, of this city. It is illustrated with a good heliotype portrait. The next volume presents a short sketch of his life, with selections from his very entertaining correspondence, together with the marked incidents of his professional course, and glimpses of his tender and beautiful domestic affections. The many expressions of regret and esteem that followed his early removal, close this too short and very interesting and impressive biographical sketch.

SIX MONTHS AT MRS. PHOENIX'S, by Emily Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo, price \$1.25. This is a pleasant story for quiet young readers. It is intended, in a very natural tale, to show how pleasant a wife and loving mother can make the common duties of home to her children, and render even irksome domestic tasks sources of real delight. It is a wholesome and readable volume, teaching its lessons in the story itself as it moves along.

Harper & Brothers continue their popular series of ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS by issuing a life of Thackeray, by Anthony Trollope, 16mo, 200 pp. As this is the first, in any series, full sketch of its subject, it will have the more interest to the reader, and especially to the great body of those who have read with delight and profit his remarkable fictions. In connection with the sketch of his life is given a full review and criticism of his various works. Mr. Trollope is an able and appreciative reviewer, and does ample justice to his noble subject.

From the same house we have, HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO, by William Blake. This little manual contains quite a full and very sensible discussion of the importance of attention to physical development, the best forms of exercise, and practical hints to students, professional men, parents and educators. The three lines to girls and women are especially valuable. We bespeak for this excellent little treatise a wide distribution and a careful reading.

From the same house we have, THE RIFLE CLUB AND RANGE, by A. H. Weston, with illustrations. This is a knowledge out of our line. We are utterly unfamiliar with "shooting irons" except those used by printers. But many of our readers are great hunters, even among the ministers, and others are famous at shooting at a mark. We have a correspondent who is himself a Marksmanship, and he has written a volume, which has in it everything, we suppose, that a sportsman needs to know about his fire-arms.

Among the best musical works for choir, calling their attention back to appropriate Church music, is THE NEW CHORAL CONGREGATION, by George F. Root, and published by J. Church & Co., in Cincinnati, O., and at 500 Broadway, New York. Quarto, price \$2.00. It unites choir and congregational singing in a very successful manner. It presents a great variety of choice short, appropriate anthems sung by the choir, intended to precede the hymns in which the choir is to sing. It is a valuable contribution to our religious musical literature. It should be examined by choristers, and will be found to suggest a number of very important elements of impressiveness in the rendering of the worship of song in our sanctuaries.

From the same publishers we have, THE WARRIOR OF PRINCE, by Asa Hall, which we have heretofore noticed. It is a fresh and excellent manual from a veteran writer of religious tracts, adapted to Sunday-schools and home use.

From Robert Carter & Brothers we have in beautiful form, with delicate illustrations, PALMS OF EGYPT; or, Refreshment in the Valley, by J. R. Macduff, D. D. 12mo. This is a delightful volume of devout meditations upon the anticipated joys of the life eternal, heaven foretold on earth. Dr. Macduff's works are numerous and well known. Few writers invest a religious theme with more attractiveness and unction. This beautiful volume will bring comfort and inspiration to many hearts.

"From Egypt to Palestine, through Sinai, the Wilderness and the South Country," by S. C. Harper, President of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, is a travel never get weary of telling, nor the non-traveler of hearing, the story of Israel in Egypt and from Egypt, and into and Palestine. The tale is like preaching. There may be all sorts of it, but it is all interesting to some, and it is all true. The manner in which President Harper has thus an easy audience to preach to. They are in a receptive mood. They are as ready to hear as he is to speak. They are even more ready, as a greedy audience is hungrier for the word than the distributor is anxious to give it. He takes us on his heaviest problem by foot of travel, and he begins at Alexandria, and ends at Constantinople. Of course, from Egypt to Palestine is a long parenthesis. It occupies ten of its twenty-seven chapters. It is not all wilderness. True, the preliminary chapters on Egypt are not without value than the wilderness tour. That is obscure, and not particularly noteworthy, while the discussions on the Israelites in Egypt have new material. Robinson and Stanley have thus far given us the best desert story—Robinson's a fearfully dull miniature, and Stanley's a graphic journal of minutiae. Yet this volume is not unworthy of a place among its fellows. It ridicules the late theories on the great pyramid, but offers no clearer solutions of that mystery, which to him is no mystery. It discusses the site of the Passage of the Red Sea, and inclines to the one north of, and near, Suez. It is obscure in its wilderness wanderings, and one gets lost with him more easily than he does with Moses. The Palestine part is pleasant, and the maps useful. It will bear reading.

Babylon Tribes of the Euphrates, by Lady Anne Blunt (Harper), is an entirely new kind of travel. It is a journey into the past, and it is a journey into the future. It is a journey into the heart of the East, and it is a journey into the heart of the West. It is a journey into the heart of the human race, and it is a journey into the heart of the universe. It is a journey into the heart of the divine, and it is a journey into the heart of the eternal. It is a journey into the heart of the world, and it is a journey into the heart of the soul. It is a journey into the heart of the life, and it is a journey into the heart of the death. It is a journey into the heart of the resurrection, and it is a journey into the heart of the glory. It is a journey into the heart of the kingdom, and it is a journey into the heart of the heaven. It is a journey into the heart of the earth, and it is a journey into the heart of the sea. It is a journey into the heart of the air, and it is a journey into the heart of the fire. It is a journey into the heart of the sun, and it is a journey into the heart of the moon. It is a journey into the heart of the stars, and it is a journey into the heart of the universe. It is a journey into the heart of the world, and it is a journey into the heart of the soul. It is a journey into the heart of the life, and it is a journey into the heart of the death. It is a journey into the heart of the resurrection, and it is a journey into the heart of the glory. It is a journey into the heart of the kingdom, and it is a journey into the heart of the heaven. It is a journey into the heart of the earth, and it is a journey into the heart of the sea. It is a journey into the heart of the air, and it is a journey into the heart of the fire. It is a journey into the heart of the sun, and it is a journey into the heart of the moon. 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It is a journey into the heart of the kingdom, and it is a journey into the heart of the heaven. It is a journey into the heart of the earth, and it is a journey into the heart

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, particularly along the edges. The left edge of the page is bound, showing the stitching or staples of the book's binding. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

The Family.

THE BLIND GIRLS' DEVOTION.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

A tender recital I heard,
And could not resist every word;
For when I would complain of loss,
Some daily ill scarce worth the name,
I check myself with sudden shame
At thought of blind girls' heavy cross.

Two little maidens, blind and poor,
Their finger-tips had calloused o'er;
While playing rushes for the chair;
And yet they read God's Holy Word,
O'er each raised letter fondly pored,
And thought of Christ amid their cares.

One sought His glorious truths so much
Her fingers lost their sense of touch,
Yet could not lay the Bible by.
She bravely scraped the hardened skin
Upon her finger-tips so thin;
To touch each letter made her sigh.

And yet, although the blood-stains bore
On each grand page of holy lore
The proof of her devoted love,
Still, still those fingers, day and night,
Perused the lessons with in light;
She dreamed of angel choir above.

The other, sitting by her side,
With streaming eyes had vainly tried
For days to trace the Psalms aright;
"Since sense has left these finger-tips,"
She said at last, "my loving life
Shall be the book to me so light."

But lo! when volume had been raised,
O blessed Saviour, Thou canst hear!
The feeblest prayer! My lips can move
To read God's Word and teach His love;
That trust in Him that has no fear!
E. Lempster, N. H.

THE HEAVENLY PARADISE—WHERE?

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, D. D.

FIRST PART.

"There is a world we have not seen,
Which time can never dare destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy."

Yes, there is—no how, in reference
To a mere state, or condition; but
Where, in reference to a veritable place
or locality; for such, we believe, must
be a prominent and inseparable characteristic
of the Paradise of God. But where, in God's
great universe, is this locality? In what direction
from ours, or how far hence? These are questions
concerning which, doubtless for great and sufficient
reasons, scarcely a ray of light is afforded
us by Revelation. Is it anywhere among these
beauteous constellations that nightly sail over us,
and bless us as they pass by with their "sweet
influences"? Or may it, perhaps, be that some
one of those vast orbits, itself, the very locality?
But, alas! can it be that the door once which
we have left us, and which bodies have laid away
in the grave, have gone so very far away?
If the heavenly paradise be somewhere, must it, can it, be so many millions of miles distant? Perhaps so; but such
seems not precisely the look as we ponder some
hints, dim and indistinct, scattered along the one
only book that gives us a glimpse of the heavenly
country. Good people, as their thoughts turn
toward that world which is so soon to see, and
which is "far better," hardly contemplate it, we
think, as being at an inconceivable distance away.
In our solar system is an immense world
which we name Jupiter, and which a bird, flying
a mile every minute, would require nine hundred
and thirty-two years to reach. Can it be that the
Paradise we love to think and speak of is so far off? It may be so; but what
if it is so? If this Paradise is somewhere, it lies
at a definite distance from this earth; and that
distance, like other distances, is measurable in miles
and we the requisite data. And would these
millions outnumber those four hundred and ninety
million millions that separate us from Jupiter, those
nine hundred million millions between us and Saturn,
those twenty-eight hundred million millions that
measure the enormous line reaching hence to our
outer planet? God knoweth.

But what if, on some day soon to come, one of us, as he shall cast off
forever from this his native world, should suddenly
find himself already walking in Paradise? May it not
possibly be that somewhere out in the infinite spaces,
and not very far off, there reposes a world more
beautiful than was ever thought of by man, the very
world whereof we are now meditating?
But let us open the Book, and search if there be the
slightest response to this one question—Where?

Enoch was translated that he should not see death—translated, transferred, removed, as to his whole being, from this world; and
"was not found," though, doubtless, long searched after,
"for God had translated him." He was borne away in
some direction, certainly toward some star of night,
but where?

So Elijah once rode away from this earth in a chariot
of supernatural beauty. On that morning he was
somewhere near the eastern banks of the Jordan,
when the summons came for commencing the
mysterious journey. He was aware that he was about
to depart. He saw the beginning of the ascension.
He saw the direction of that wondrous flight. In his
overwhelming excitement he called after him; but the
departing traveler was presently beyond the reach of
all earthly voices. How long and far was that strange
voyage? Was it morning when it began, and was it
evening when it ended? To what beautiful and peaceful
shore came those flaming wheels on that eventful

day? Could it have been far, very far off?

Enoch has been gone hence for thousands of years, and no note or word of him, or where he went, has ever come back to us. Not so with Elijah. He returned, after a few centuries—came with the ancient and great Moses—but not to stay. Peter's contemplated tabernacles were unnecessary. Nor is it very clear why he returned to earth. It seemed a brief conversation with Christ on that mountain summit. They both "appeared in glory;" those robes of Paradise which they wore were resplendent with unearthly beauty. But after a brief tarrying, perhaps an hour, or less, they went away homeward, and came again on that self-same day—did they not?—to their mansions of rest on the banks of the river of life.

Still the grave question returns upon us, and returns unanswered: Where, O where, is flowing on forever that blessed river? And where, upon its banks, is that tree of life, transplanted from the primeval Paradise to the more genial soil above, and the leaves whereof are for eternal healing?

The advent of the Christ was announced by an angel, and shepherds were the favored creditors. As soon as the great announcement was made, suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, singing worship to the Most High God in a song never heard before on earth, and with voices such as never, along the ages, tell on the ears of mortal men. Whence came that multitude? From what direction? How swift their coming? How long their flight? How far their journey? Who shall tell us? The wondrous song ceased; and the angels, presently, "were gone away." Gone where? "Into heaven," says the record; gone home, and that is all we know. We would love to know something more.

So much for the advent of Christ, and one of the marvelous circumstances that were in attendance. Turn now to His departure. This wonderful event occurred at Bethany; and somewhere—not far, doubtless, from the home of Lazarus and his sisters—was the spot of this earth last touched by the sacred feet. The apostles were present, and, probably others besides. The Master's valedictory address is given, and then, as their eyes were still fastened upon Him, lo! He is gently rising from among them. Still ascending, He is presently far aloft and traversing the upper air; then passing behind a cloud, He is seen no more. Whither went He, and what was His speed and direction when beyond that cloud, and how far and long was His flight? No marvel that the spectators of that sublime scene gazed long and eagerly upward, endeavoring to catch another glimpse, and hoping, peradventure, that He might possibly return. Well, He will indeed return, as those "two men in white apparel" assured them; but not yet. But whither He went, and whence His return, is the question.

A few weeks prior to this ascension day, this same Christ suffered crucifixion in company with two others. One of these, amid his dying agonies, turned his aching eyes toward the Saviour of lost men, and prayed for mercy. Christ responded, and His response was as instructive as it was astonishing: "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise!" In Paradise, in Paradise to-day; spoken, we will remember, when the sun was hanging in the western sky, when that solemn day was within two or three hours of its close. Yet at that sun-setting the spirits of those two were in Paradise. Where is the Paradise that is thus reached by departing spirits in a day, in an hour?

BEYOND IT ALL.

I hear a beyond wind that sings
In budding copse and waving grass;
And on the hill, rise living things,
The voices that have changed their tone;
How soon from forests far away
Will ring the wood-dove's summer call,
But I shall go beyond it all.

Beyond the hopes of life and time;
The songs that end when sunshine dies;
The blooms that wither in their prime;
The voices that have changed their tone;
Beyond the chill of rains that beat
On flowers that fade, and leaves that fall;
Beyond the bitter and the sweet—
Beyond it all, beyond it all!

Beyond the faithful light and shade;
The idols crumbling into dust;
The graves where patient hearts have laid
Their memories of love and trust;
The voices that have changed their tone;
The dreams that fly, the joys that fall;
The grief that only One has known—
Beyond them all, beyond them all!

I thank Thee, Father, for the thought
That all the work of life is done;
The story told, the battle fought,
The rest eternal nearly won.
Thy love has kept me till the end,
My waiting spirit hears Thee call;
Draw near, O never-changing Friend,
And guide me home—beyond it all!

SARAH DUNDY, in *Sunday at Home*.

THE END OF A CONSPIRACY.

BY ELEANOR KIEK.

"I tell you I saw it with my own eyes."

"Well, what if you did?"
The last speaker turned a flushed face
to her companions—a face on which
honest indignation was plainly written.

"Well, Avis Markham," exclaimed the young lady—Clara Stewart by name—who had had ocular demonstration of something to somebody's discredit, "I am perfectly astonished. I don't believe there's another girl in the Virgil class who will stand up for Miss Lloyd."

"That makes very little difference to me," said Avis boldly.

"I think Clara is right," put in Rose Denham, with a drawl, lifting her eyes a moment from the novel she was reading "on the sly," as she called it, and which on that account was a hundred-fold more interesting. "I don't think

Miss Lloyd has any business with a translation of Virgil. The fact of her having it proves to me, and I should think it would to the whole class, that she knows very little about Latin, and by trying to teach something she has only a smattering of it, is imposing upon teachers, scholars and all."

"Of course," said Miss Stewart, "that's the whole thing in a nut-shell; and if Avis wasn't so prejudiced in favor of the horrid creature, she'd see it in the same light."

"May I ask," inquired Avis, holding on to her temper as one might use the curb to a fiery steed, "May I ask, Miss Stewart, where you found the translation you are speaking of?"

"You may ask, Miss Markham," replied Clara mockingly, "and I will answer with the greatest possible pleasure. Several days ago I was very much bothered with a sentence in Virgil, and I went to Miss Lloyd's room to see if she would enlighten me before going to class; and Miss Lloyd, as good luck would have it, was not in. I concluded to wait for her, and naturally looked about for some entertainment."

The first thing that caught my eye was a large volume covered by two or three folded newspapers. I removed the *débris*, Miss Markham, and beheld the volume—a full and literal translation of the *Æneid*. After that I gave some attention to Miss Lloyd's way of teaching, and I have satisfied myself that she is a fraud."

"That's so," put in Rose again. "Isn't it funny, but when Clara said that I had just read the word? I think Miss Lloyd ought to be exposed, and I'm willing to help to do it."

"Wait till you have devoured your stolen fruit, Rose," said Avis, rising to leave the room. "As long as you have a note in your own eye, you had better remove it before attending to your neighbor's. I think I can safely recommend this precept to the notice of all of you," and with this parting shot, Avis closed the door and walked quickly to her own room.

If Miss Lloyd were stylish, and rich, and handsome, Clara Stewart wouldn't persecute her," said Avis to herself, "even though there were proof positive of her superficiality. I ought, perhaps, to tell Miss Lloyd of the growing dislike of some of her scholars."

So Avis turned the disagreeable matter over and over, until she decided to let things alone for the present. The role of a tale-bearer was very obnoxious to this honest and kind-hearted girl. Until now she had kept clear of all boarding-school entanglements; but this time she was forced into the defense of a friend-whom she knew was most unjustly accused.

The next day Miss Lloyd was not a little surprised at the number and variety of the questions asked by her class. Her answers were very straightforward and satisfactory; even Clara Stewart was obliged to confess that; but who couldn't answer questions," she said, "with a translation at one's elbow, and a grammar and dictionary right under one's nose?" That Miss Lloyd didn't open either of these volumes was nothing to the logical mind of the wealthiest girl in school. "Miss Lloyd knew what questions girls ought to ask, and had posted herself; but who couldn't answer questions," she said, "with a translation at one's elbow, and a grammar and dictionary right under one's nose?"

At the close of the recitation, the teacher—to whom the hour had been full of promise for the future—said, with unusual eagerness, "Young ladies, your interest to-day in your lesson has gratified me more than I can tell. If we can work every day like this, there will be no need of any special labor for examination. Make a note of anything and everything that troubles you, and by so doing we can make more progress than in any other manner."

"You see, Miss Lloyd," Clara Stewart began in so disrespectful a way that it brought the blood in a great wave to Avis' sensitive face. "You see we have no helps in our Latin. I've been thinking it would be a good plan to buy a translation of Virgil. We shouldn't have to dig for anything then."

"That would be a very foolish thing to do," Miss Stewart, the teacher replied. "A translation would do very well for a person who wanted to become acquainted with the *Æneid*, but didn't have time or inclination to take up Latin as a study; but for a young lady who is expected to read Latin with as much ease as her native language, such a course would be decidedly detrimental."

"But scholars do have translations sometimes," drawled Rose Denham, "and other folks, too."

"That may be," Miss Lloyd answered, "but I should decline to teach a young lady who had supplied herself with such assistance."

"Upon my word, I don't believe there is such a bare-faced hypocrite in existence as that very Miss Lloyd," said Clara to the girls as they went upstairs to their rooms; "and I rather think, Avis Markham,"—turning to the young lady in question—"that you have got a dose now."

Avis' besetting sin was a quick temper, but she was learning to control it; and so she waited a moment before replying. "I knew you had," Clara continued triumphantly, as Avis did not speak.

"You are mistaken, Clara," she said, "not only about me, but about Miss Lloyd. I knew she was a thorough Latin scholar before this morning, but now I am quite lost in admiration, not only at her proficiency in the language, but in her historical knowledge."

"There are none so blind as those

who won't see," muttered Clara; and then the girls separated again.

For the next few days things went on quietly, so quietly that Avis decided that the girls had found out they were mistaken, and had very wisely concluded to say no more about it. But this most charitable conclusion was very far from the truth. On the contrary, five of the Virgil scholars were engaged in a most contemptible conspiracy. Those girls, led by Clara Stewart, had decided to burn Miss Lloyd's translation.

"Then we can tell whether she knows anything or not," said Clara. "O girls, won't she be in a fix?" And then, quite carried away by the anticipated fun, Clara laughed till she cried.

Rose Denham had volunteered to take the book from Miss Lloyd's room, and the bonfire was to take place in Clara's grate. Each girl for the time being was to transform herself into a vulture, and tear the obnoxious volume to atoms before consigning it to the flames. The programme arranged by the brilliant Clara seemed likely to be carried out to the letter. Miss Lloyd went for her usual five o'clock walk, and Rose, patiently waiting for her departure, watched her down the road, and then slipped downstairs to her room. Not a soul was to be seen in the corridor, and Rose sneaked in like a thief in the night, and took the volume from the shelf. Then she found another large book to take its place; and satisfying herself that Miss Lloyd would not detect the difference, started for the door. The corridor was still empty, and Rose ran swiftly up the stairs to Clara's room.

"The worst is over," Clara remarked, as she hid the book in her closet-dress. "Perhaps the cover won't burn. If not, we must take it out to-morrow when we go for a walk, and tie a stone to it, and drop it in the lake."

At half past seven o'clock that evening these five rebellious girls gathered together and proceeded to their work of destruction. The book was an old one, but it was well bound, and had been carefully kept; so it took some time, as well as some strength, to pull it apart. Clara gave the fire a thorough poking, and then threw on her offering. The poor innocent leaves blazed up quickly, and then Clara called, "Next," and Rose proceeded to deposit her part of the ill-gotten volume upon the coals. Rose wore a thin Swiss bib apron, and a white cashmere dress. As she stooped to her wretched work, a corner of her apron was sucked into the flames, and in a second her whole dress seemed on fire. The confusion that followed can be more easily imagined than described. The girls dispersed in every direction, crying fire with all the strength of their lungs, entirely forgetful, in their terror, of the half-burned volume.

Miss Lloyd was the first to arrive, and with commendable presence of mind she wrapped the frightened girl in a blanket, and extinguished the flames.

"What is all this?" inquired the President, who had stopped to pick up some of the scattered leaves.

"Why, it is a translation of Virgil," replied the professor of mathematics. "See here," and then he read aloud the following, from a fly-leaf: "To my dear wife Nannie, who feels too old to begin the study of Latin, and whose ambition is to keep up with her husband in a knowledge of the old and the new, this book is lovingly presented. Richard Lloyd."

"What can this mean?" and the professor read it again. "Was there ever anything so quaint? Then you think, Miss Lloyd, that Miss Denham is not much injured?"

The professor waited for an answer, but Miss Lloyd had fainted quite away. Avis stood by and heard it all, but she said nothing, although the plot was perfectly transparent to her. Rose began moaning again, and then they found that Miss Lloyd was in a swoon. Rose was taken out to have her burns dressed, and Avis devoted herself to the stricken teacher.

"Those leaves belong to Miss Lloyd," said Avis as the professor gathered them all together. "They had better be taken to her room."

This was not the end of the conspiracy, by any means, for the President went quickly and skillfully to work to find out all about it, and the result was that the five girls engaged in the disgraceful performance were most summarily dealt with. The order went forth for their expulsion, but Miss Lloyd pleaded so hard to have them remain, that the President at last consented. They were kept under very strict surveillance, however, and for three months were known as the disgraced girls.

Miss Lloyd proved herself their devoted friend, and they came at last to believe not only in her patience and goodness, but in her Latin also.

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from the tempest dark, terrible thoughts, and only by earnest prayer were we kept from murmuring against our loving Creator.

Then came whisperings of peace, sweet assurances that our darling was far happier in heaven than we could possibly render him on earth. Then it seemed that we were selfish in wishing to hold back our child from heaven to share with us the woes of earth. But as we often stood by the little grave, grief like a flood overwhelmed us, until sure promises of a resurrection bade us look forward to a time when even that little body should live again "to die no more."

Years rolled by, and we stood weeping over another baby's grave. Many miles separate these little graves, but to us they are the dearest spots on earth, and we know that we have two sinless darlings in heaven.

CONFIDENCE.

PSALM 23.

BY LUELLA CLARE.

The Lord my Shepherd is, and I
Shall know no want at all;
In pastures green He makes me lie,
And leads by waters still.

In love He fills my soul restore
From guilt and sin's distress,
And for His name's sake leads once more
In paths of righteousness.

Yes, though death's shadows compass me,
I yet will fear no ill,
For there Thy rod and staff shall be
My stay and comfort still.

Thou dost with oil anoint my head;
My cup with joy overflows;
Thou dost for me a table spread,
In presence of my foes.

Goodness and mercy all my days
My grateful lips shall tell,
And joyful in Thy house of praise
I shall forever dwell.

"MILE-STONE PAPERS."

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

I have read this new work by Dr. Steele with delight and profit. I take pleasure in calling the attention of Christian people to it. It is on a precious theme, the most precious that can engage the thought of the Church—"heart purity." It is written in the Doctor's most trenchant style, with a force, clearness, and piquancy, that charm the reader, while it makes metaphysics as lucid as sunlight.

Dr. Steele has brought into these pages a wealth of Bible study, as well as a wealth of personal experience, that will enrich any soul in seeking the knowledge of its highest good. Our Church has a surplus of leaders in its ecclesiastical affairs, so that its polity is amply provided for; but every age needs just as much great leaders to conserve its spiritual life. We regard Dr. Steele as pre-eminently called in our time to this highest of all functions. His strong common sense, rich, ripe, Biblical scholarship, freedom from fanaticism, marvelous facility in making abstract subjects plain to the ordinary mind, and his undoubted piety, mark him as one of the best of our spiritual guides in the deep things of God. Platitudes have prejudiced many against the subject of holiness, but there are no platitudes in the "Milestone Papers."

"ONE OF THE SWEET OLD CHAPTERS."

One of the sweet old chapters,
After a day like this;
The day brought tears and trouble,
Rest, and refuge, and bliss;
Grieved, and lonely, and weary,
Unto the Book I come.

No rest in the slum for—
Rest, and refuge, and bliss;
Grieved, and lonely, and weary,
Unto the Book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters—
The love that blossoms through
His care of the birds and lilies,
Out in the meadow dew.

His evening light so round them;
Their faith is simply in
Obedience to the word,
My God, let me rest in Thee!

The traveler, walking early from the east,
Sees his shadow stretching out before;
But, lo! his eyes on varied prospects
Feast.

He marks not how it shortens more and more,
Nor, pushing forward, doth he think or know,
While mid-day burns, how stealthily, mute
And fleet,
Behind him toward his starting-point
He glides.

It dwindles, slides beneath his hastening feet,
Well spake the Shepherd-king: "Thus, in
our dawn,
And in the glare and hurry of our noon,
And when our lagging day is almost gone,
Ourselves, and all that we are, we are
The long to-morrow, that before us lay
Behold us run, a dim, long yesterday!"

Miscellany.

CHRISTIANS AND THE THEATRE.

Mr. Moody once told a striking incident of a lady who hesitated to come out as a convert, lest she should be derided from going to the theatre. But Mr. Moody assured her that she might do anything that did not interfere with giving her sincere love to Christ; and she came out finally on the Lord's side. Soon after she went to the theatre, but instead of any enjoyment in it she found herself so troubled that she could not stay through; and she afterwards declared that the whole thing was so changed, and looked so different from what it had formerly, that she had no relish for it whatever. And this is but a common experience of theatre-goers who become hearty and earnest Christians.—*Congregationalist*.

THE LATE LOUIS AGASSIZ

had a wonderful power over animals. A newspaper correspondent recently made the following statement: "He would go up to the most obstinate of pigs, and after a few soft words and a movement of his stick over the bristles of the creature in the right direction, the pig would lift his head erect, its small eyes would glisten with a vague intelligence, it would remain almost motionless in a kind of pleased surprise, and eat peaches."—*Christian Register*.

The sticky little hand opened, and two great blue eyes gazed curiously at the stone; then suddenly without a word she darted away into the garden, and soon a hole was made in the black earth, and the stone dropped reverently in, and covered; but as she walked away her faith must have wavered a bit, for a mischievous smile came to her lips, and she said, "I don't believe I shall ever have any great-grandchildren, if it does make a tree, but I suppose there will be somebody, always, to eat peaches."—*Christian Register*.

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For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

.... A nice little boy calls himself Compass because he is boxed so often.

.... A girl boy: Johnny: "Grandma, dear, will you lend me a pencil? I want to draw some ladies." Grandma: "No, dear, you must not draw on Sunday." Johnny: "Not even if I put on my Sunday mat?"

.... Elevator boy to a woman who has ridden three times from bottom to top of the building: "Well, where do you want to get to?" Woman: "Well, indeed, I don't quite sure, but I have me as near the Old Colony depot as you can."

.... Very kind gent: "Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day in the year?" Lady: "Very true! But your presence makes me forget it."

.... A little boy entered a fish market the other day, and seeing for the first time a pile of lobsters lying on the counter, looked intently at them for some time, when he exclaimed, "Them's the biggest grasshoppers I've ever seen!"

.... "Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is anything you wish to say, before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "Good evening," if it would be agreeable to the company.

.... "Has the cooking book any pictures?" asked a young lady of a bookseller. "Not one," replied the dealer in books. "Why," exclaimed the witty miss, "what is the use of telling us how to make a dinner if you give us no plates?"

The Farm and Garden.

HINTS FOR WORK.

(Compiled from the American Agriculturist for June.)

Poultry.—Cats, rats, and hawks destroy a good many chickens. Provide safe coops which can be closed at night, and which are not to be opened until the dew is off the grass in the morning.

Calves.—A run in a good piece of grass will greatly help the calves. The more they are pushed, without overdoing it, during the first year's growth, the better the mature animal will be.

Pigs for fall killing may be forced from the start. A run at grass, a little milk, and regular, steady feeding on bran and meal slops, will help to make a large growth, which is afterwards quickly filled up with fat.

Rubbing Posts.—A few rubbing posts set up in pastures, will save injury to the fences. Cattle will use these conveniences very often, if provided for them, and it is worth all the trouble to witness the enjoyment of the animals in the use of them.

Beets.—Those who would enjoy beets in their perfection should keep up a succession of the Egyptian, to use while they are still young. Thinlings of these and of the late crop make an excellent substitute for spinach.

Cabbages.—The early crop should be kept growing by frequent hoeings. Plants of the late sorts in seed-beds should not be too crowded, and the cabbage worm kept off; picking will answer here.

Hoes and Tools.—Dull tools are labor wasters. It is cheaper to use a whole grindstone in one season, than to work with dull hoes, spades, and other tools. See that dull tools are ground sharp every evening.

Summer Fertilizing.—The experience of the past few years has often shown it to be useful to give a light dressing of fertilizer to the corn, just before the last cultivation. This helps the last earing, and renders many ears productive that would otherwise be abortive. The fertilizer should be worked in with the cultivator.

Onions.—Those from seed will need weeding early. A top-dressing of wood-ashes helps the growth wonderfully. A dressing of salt is thought to prevent a rust that sometimes appears. Keep those from sets clean. Where onions are marketed, they usually bring a better price when sent to market in bunches, half grown, than when ripe.

Asparagus must be allowed time to grow its own age, and prepare the nourishment for next year's crop. From not understanding this, many exhaust their beds by cutting too late. The old rule to stop when green peas comes is a good one. When cutting ceases, let the tops grow; their shade will keep down the small weeds, and the few large ones that may appear are to be pulled by hand.

Curing Hay in the cock is preferable to sun drying. The sweating and fermentation improve, and prevent heating in the mow or stack. The writer prefers to put hay, after the dew is off, in moderately large cocks—four feet wide and high—after it has spread in the sun for one full day. It may thus stay safely for a week, if necessary, and a hay cap will protect it from a 24 hours' rain. The day it is drawn in, a man should start early and throw open the cocks, to get a final airing for two or three hours before it is taken up.

The Driers of the peach and apple tree should be looked to. No surer remedy is of use with these destructive fellows, after they are once in the tree. The use of the knife and probe is the effectual means of teaching and destroying them. They can be detected by their "ear marks" of dust, and depression in the bark. It is not necessary to girdle the tree in the operation, in many cases very little use of the knife is required. A few hours spent in this manner will often save many valuable trees.

The Grape Vines.—One-year-old vines, set this spring, should not be allowed to grow more than one shoot. If older vines were set, these should not be allowed to bear, as it is necessary for them to become thoroughly established and prepare for fruiting. On old vines, the fruit will be greatly improved by thinning after the clusters are set, leaving only two bunches to a shoot.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

Scrambled Eggs.—Separate the yolks and whites of three eggs. Beat the yolks two minutes; then add three tablespoons of milk and one-half teaspoon of salt; beat a little more. Mix half a tablespoon of butter in a spider; pour in the yolks, and when they thicken slightly, pour the whites in without beating. Let them be until they look like the white of a boiled egg, then gently mix them with the yolks with a fork. Serve in a hot dish, with or without buttered toast underneath.

Indian Cakes.—One cup of flour, two cups of Indian meal, one-half cup of molasses, two cups of sour milk (or water), one teaspoon of soda, salt; bake in muffin pan.

Sponge Cake.—Six eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, juice and grated rind of one-half lemon. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar to a foam; the whites to a stiff froth; add to the yolks and sugar also the lemon; then beat all together fifteen minutes, stir in the flour lightly, turn into a buttered pan, and bake in a quick oven.

Omelet.—Allow a tablespoon of milk for every egg, butter large as a nut, and a pinch of salt. Fry on a griddle, hot enough for cakes, battered to prevent sticking. When it thickens and looks brown under the edges, fold it over with a broad knife and slip from spider upon a hot platter. Boiled ham chopped fine and spread over the omelet before it is rolled, is very nice. Or, separate two or three of the whites, beat stiff, lay

upon the batter as it begins to cook, and fold after the whites are cooked.

Fruit Cake.—Seven eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one pound of currants, one pound of seeded raisins, one-half pound of citron, two tablespoons of grated nutmeg, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one teaspoon of soda, five and one-half cups of flour.

Jumbles.—One egg, one cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoon of soda, nutmeg, flour to roll out. Sprinkle sugar over them before baking.

Molasses Cookies.—One pint boiled molasses, one-half cup of butter, one tablespoon of ginger, one teaspoon of soda, flour to roll out.

Cream Tartar Biscuits.—One quart of flour, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one teaspoon soda and salt sifted together, two tablespoons of lard, one pint of milk. Roll out and bake quickly.

Lemon Pie.—Five eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of warm water, one cracker pounded fine, rind and juice of one lemon; bake with an upper and under crust. This will make two pies.

Cheese Cake.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of water, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda. Flavor.

Doughnuts.—Two eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two tablespoons of cream, one-half teaspoon of soda. Spice and salt.

Ice Cream.—One quart of cream, one pint of milk, two cups of sugar, one tablespoon of vanilla. Beat thoroughly, and put in freezer.

Snow Pudding.—Four one pint of boiling water on one-half package of Cox gelatine. After it is dissolved add two cups of lemons (or flavor with lemon), and two cups of sugar; when nearly cold beat all with the whites of three eggs one hour. Make soft custard with the yolks of three eggs, flavor with vanilla. Pour around it when ready to serve.

Ginger Snaps.—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one egg, two teaspoons of ginger, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one teaspoon of soda; flour to roll out.

Lemon Pies.—Five eggs (save whites of two), one cup of sugar, one cup of water, two tablespoons of flour, rind and juice of one lemon. Beat whites of two eggs and two tablespoons of sugar to a stiff froth, spread over the pies while hot, and set back in the oven to brown. This makes two pies.

Indian Pudding.—One cup of Indian meal; one-half cup of flour, one-half cup of sugar, moisten with a little milk. Boil three pints of milk; pour slowly on the meal and stir until quite thick; add one-half cup of molasses and a little salt. Bake in an earthen dish two hours.

Local examinations for Princeton College, for the Western States, are to be held this year in Cincinnati, St. Louis, and perhaps at Louisville.

Sixty-five Vassar students are studying physics this term. Fifty-five are working daily in the analytical laboratory.

Subscriptions of \$87,000 have been received for the further endowment of the Harvard Divinity School, Mrs. Thomas Tilton, of New York, giving \$40,000.

Hosmer Hall, the corner-stone of which was laid May 8, is the \$100,000 gift to the Harvard Theological Seminary of Mr. J. B. Hosmer.

The school population of Georgia is 433,444, and the entire school fund is only about \$300,000—about 69 cents per capita for education.

The Harvard statutes have been so amended that there will hereafter be four grades of degrees of B. A., two grades of degrees of B. L., and three grades of degrees of Ph. D.

Messrs. J. B. Hoyt, J. B. Trevor, Charles Pratt, and Rockefeller have given \$136,000 to Rochester Theological Seminary. The money is to purchase a library and erect a building for it, and to endow the chair of Hebrew Languages and Literature.

Hereafter all new teachers in the Baltimore public schools will be required to serve in a temporary capacity three months before a permanent election can take place. The school board, it is said, have taken this idea from Prussia.

Among the speakers at the next Yale Commencement will be Chun Lung, a Chinese member of the class of 1879, who will deliver an oration on "The Chinese in America."

According to statistics just published, there were 18,738 young men studying at the 20 German universities during the winter semester just passed. Of these, 2,438 were studying theology, 5,106 law, and 3,537 medicine; 7,557 being inscribed in the Philosophical Faculty. Their ages ranged for the most part from 18 to 22 years.

The lectures so far arranged for before the Yale Theological School next year, are Dr. John Hall, on "Ministerial Piety;" Dr. Howard Crosby, on "Preaching;" and Professor Asa Gray, on the "Antagonism of Science and Theology."

Massachusetts has 5,730 schools, with 310,000 pupils and 8,500 teachers; on these schools she spends every year \$5,000,000. The greatest want in the schools is said to be skilled supervision of teaching.

The St. Louis School Board has adopted the plan providing for the experiment of teaching German by one of the regular English teaching instructors.

REJOINDER TO "TEMPERANCE."

BY REV. O. M. COUSINS.

Temperance has spoken. Not merely "a temperance man," not an "apostle of Temperance"—how glad I am "Temperance" herself has actually spoken. No matter though in rebuke, and indulging in epithets like "mad," and "fanatic," etc., yet, coming from such an exalted source, the administering can be calmly endured. I am not mistaken, am I? It was not an ordinary staking around (in Zion's Herald of June 5) with various lampoonery, and then retiring, and sticking its ostrich head under the sand of this pseudonym! No, Not very few men dare assume to be—Temperance! I should certainly hope there was more modesty in the Maine Conference. Whoever speaks with the full authority of that word is to tell us what the word "wine" in the Scriptures means. Certainly we are not bound to accept the dicta of many of the writers of the National Publishing House, the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and some others, on the score of their being the sole mouthpiece of "Temperance."

And as for talent and scholarship stands the colossus, William Smith, the author of the Bible Dictionary, who takes no part in the gratuitous assumption that one of the wines of the Bible was nothing but a kind of sweetened water. If sweetened water is wine, let Temperance say so, and there are none, I dare assume, who will question the exalted dictation. If she does not say so, but says that that is a sham, then I for one would like to take my choice of shams. And I think of all shams clear, cold water is about as respectable as any. Certainly as to origin it stands well for it is the only beverage I have ever learned that Jehovah invented.

Some of the shams come to us under remarkable sanction. The Church papers advertise them. Frequently the editor volunteers a puff. The fluid purports to be the pure unfermented saccharine, put up, no doubt, by a pious firm. But I find invariably the vinous principle is there; and whether fermented or not, reformed men come to me after the Sacrament and say, "If you are going to use such a beverage as that, we must refrain from participating in the Sacrament." Whether I am a realist or not is not the question; that is a small matter comparatively. What needs far more to be considered is what shall be done as to those numerous communicants at our altar rails, who cannot partake without going back to their cups again. Let "Temperance" settle that and she will find no reader listener than I.

Looking at the caption of that article in the issue of June 5, I see you have headed it "Temperance run mad." That was a very happy thought of yours, though I would hardly dare have done it myself, sincerely as I might think so. If you are satisfied, however, that that anonymous writer has the hydrophobia, I hope you will attend to it, that, through your paper, at least, he does not attempt to bite anybody any more.

Mrs. R. H. S.

EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

The bill providing for uniform textbooks has passed the Michigan Legislature.

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E. ADAMS.

Concord, N. H.

BENJAMIN B. HOLDEN died in Sweden, Me., Sept. 4, 1878, aged 80 years.

In early life he became a Christian, and a member of the M. E. Church. He was an old-fashioned Methodist; he considered his Church the best in the world, and did much to sustain it. The social meetings always found him present, unless detained by sickness; and when there, you could always depend on him to take part. He was often obliged to take charge of the meetings, the pastor being on some other part of the circuit. He has been of great financial help to our Church in that town. For many years his house has been a home for the itinerant. For several years prior to his death his health was quite poor; but his last sickness was very short.

W. S. MCINTIRE.

Bowdoinham, Me.

TRIPHENA BARTLETT was born in Waterville, Me., May 30, 1794, and died in Stoneham, Me., Feb. 18, 1879, aged 84 years.

At the age of twenty-two she was converted in a revival under the labors of Parson Ripley, of the Congregational Church. In due time she connected herself with that Church. Feb. 5, 1833, she married Jonathan Bartlett, a prominent Methodist of Stoneham. Soon after her marriage she transferred her Church relations to the Church of her husband, where she remained a faithful member the time of her death.

Her home has ever been a resting-place for the weary preacher. Her life has been one of unusual sweetness. She was one of the best of mothers and grandmothers. Her children and others that have seen and her care, exhibit in their character the early training of a superior mind and heart. Her last sickness was not of long duration, but was accompanied with great pain and distress. She bore it all with patient submission. Her last hours were spent in prayer for herself and family. She has gone to a brighter world, and her gracious influence remains to bless the family.

W. S. MCINTIRE.

Bowdoinham, Me.

ANNIE F. HASKELL, wife of Samuel A. Haskell, died in Providence, R. I., May 3, 1879.

A little more than a year ago she sought Christ, and found Him. It was a case of clear and thorough conversion. High hopes were entertained of her usefulness in the Church and world, for she gladdened and graced every circle in which she moved. But in an instant these hopes perished. In usual health, and engaged in conversation, she became instantaneously unconscious, and in a few hours breathed her last. But the hope of seeing her again has not perished. May this sustenance the afflicted husband, parents, and sisters.

D. P. LEAVITT.

WILLIAM W. HOOD died in Providence, R. I., May 18, aged 83 years.

He was powerfully convicted and gloriously converted about the year 1843, and joined the Methodist Church in Plainfield, Conn., where he was an active member for many years. He was later removed to Norwich, but did not connect himself with the Church there; yet he never gave up his love for the Saviour, and friends are comforted by a satisfactory evidence that he died in the Lord.

D. P. LEAVITT.

BERT HINKLEY, son of George and H. H. Hinkley, died of diphtheria in his most malignant form, in Bowdoinham, Me., April 10, 1879, aged 14 years.

He was a most excellent boy, and gave much promise of future usefulness. He was a very devoted Sunday-school scholar. He went to his pastor, saying, "I do pray, and God helps me bear my pains." His parents are deeply afflicted at their very sudden loss. In four short days this terrible disease had accomplished its sad work in removing this only son from that pleasant home of plenty. He has gone from the Sunday-school here to the larger assembly, where Jesus gathers the pure and lovely to Himself.

W. H. FOSTER.

The M. E. Church in Lebanon, N. H., has been rich in aged men and women, but they are passing away. The POLLY BROWN (82 years), SARAH M. DOWEN (86), DAVID HOWE (74), WM. MERRITT (72), and NATHANIEL W. DUDLEY (also 72) have recently ended their pilgrimages.

Brother Dudley died March 29, 1879. For many years he had confidently trusted in Jesus, and constantly testified his faith by his love for the means of grace. He believed in Methodism, and was strongly attached to its doctrines and usages. The class-meeting was specially dear to him. In his death the Church loses a faithful and efficient leader. We devoutly thank God for the assurance that "to die is gain."

E. C. B.

Sister Ayer was the wife of Rev. Eli Ayer, M. D.—a Methodist local preacher of precious memory, who faithfully ministered to the spiritual, as well as the physical wants of his patients. The bereaved family are to be commended for a cheerful welcome in their quiet and pleasant home. It was late in life when Sister A. received the clear evidence of her acceptance with God; but her life was characterized by great thoughtfulness and interest in the cause of Christ. She bore the burdens of life and infirmities of age with uncommon patience and fortitude. In the silence of night, in an unlooked-for moment, the messenger suddenly came for her, but it found her all ready; and without a struggle or a sigh, she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. She leaves a large family of children and grandchildren to mourn their loss. May they all meet her in heaven!

WM. J. CLIFFORD.

Died, in Contoocookville, N. H., May 17, 1879, EMMA OXYNTIA KEMPTON, wife of W. M. Kempton, and daughter of Rev. L. Howard, aged 51 years.

At the age of eleven she, with her father and mother, commenced the wanderings of an itinerant life in the New Hampshire Conference. In 1852 she graduated with honor, in a class of young ladies, from the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College. Between twenty and thirty years she has been a faithful and consistent member of the M. E. Church. She possessed much force of character, and her influence was strongly exerted for good upon her very pleasant family, and upon the Church and community where she lived. She leaves behind her, her reverend father, two brothers, her affectionate husband, two sons and a daughter. May they all follow her as she followed Christ, and finally meet her on the shores of immortality.

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Concord, N. H.

BENJAMIN B. HOLDEN died in Sweden, Me., Sept. 4, 1878, aged 80 years.

In early life he became a Christian, and a member of the M. E. Church. He was an old-fashioned Methodist; he considered his Church the best in the world, and did much to sustain it. The social meetings always found him present, unless detained by sickness; and when there, you could always depend on him to take part. He was often obliged to take charge of the meetings, the pastor being on some other part of the circuit. He has been of great financial help to our Church in that town. For many years his house has been a home for the itinerant. For several years prior to his death his health was quite poor; but his last sickness was very short.

W. S. MCINTIRE.

Bowdoinham, Me.

TRIPHENA BARTLETT was born in Waterville, Me., May 30, 1794, and died in Stoneham, Me., Feb. 18, 1879, aged 84 years.

At the age of twenty-two she was converted in a revival under the labors of Parson Ripley, of the Congregational Church. In due time she connected herself with that Church. Feb. 5, 1833, she married Jonathan Bartlett, a prominent Methodist of Stoneham. Soon after her marriage she transferred her Church relations to the Church of her husband, where she remained a faithful member the time of her death.

Her home has ever been a resting-place for the weary preacher. Her life has been one of unusual sweetness. She was one of the best of mothers and grandmothers. Her children and others that have seen and her care, exhibit in their character the early training of a superior mind and heart. Her last sickness was not of long duration, but was accompanied with great pain and distress. She bore it all with patient submission. Her last hours were spent in prayer for herself and family. She has gone to a brighter world, and her gracious influence remains to bless the family.

W. S. MCINTIRE.

Bowdoinham, Me.

ANNIE F. HASKELL, wife of Samuel A. Haskell, died in Providence, R. I., May 3, 1879.

A little more than a year ago she sought Christ, and found Him. It was a case of clear and thorough conversion. High hopes were entertained of her usefulness in the Church and world, for she gladdened and graced every circle in which she moved. But in an instant these hopes perished. In usual health, and engaged in conversation, she became instantaneously unconscious, and in a few hours breathed her last. But the hope of seeing her again has not perished. May this sustenance the afflicted husband, parents, and sisters.

D. P. LEAVITT.

WILLIAM W. HOOD died in Providence, R. I., May 18, aged 83 years.

He was powerfully convicted and gloriously converted about the year 1843, and joined the Methodist Church in Plainfield, Conn., where he was an active member for many years. He was later removed to Norwich, but did not connect himself with the Church there; yet he never gave up his love for the Saviour, and friends are comforted by a satisfactory evidence that he died in the Lord.

D. P. LEAVITT.

BERT HINKLEY, son of George and H. H. Hinkley, died of diphtheria in his most malignant form, in Bowdoinham, Me., April 10, 1879, aged 14 years.

He was a most excellent boy, and gave much promise of future usefulness. He was a very devoted Sunday-school scholar. He went to his pastor, saying, "I do pray, and God helps me bear my pains." His parents are deeply afflicted at their very sudden loss. In four short days this terrible disease had accomplished its sad work in removing this only son from that pleasant home of plenty. He has gone from the Sunday-school here to the larger assembly, where Jesus gathers the pure and lovely to Himself.

W. H. FOSTER.

The M. E. Church in Lebanon, N. H., has been rich in aged men and women, but they are passing away. The POLLY BROWN (82 years), SARAH M. DOWEN (86), DAVID HOWE (74), WM. MERRITT (72), and NATHANIEL W. DUDLEY (also 72) have recently ended their pilgrimages.

Brother Dudley died March 29, 1879. For many years he had confidently trusted in Jesus, and constantly testified his faith by his love for the means of grace. He believed in Methodism, and was strongly attached to its doctrines and usages. The class-meeting was specially dear to him. In his death the Church loses a faithful and efficient leader. We devoutly thank God for the assurance that "to die is gain."

E. C. B.



(Successors to R. V. PIERCE, M. D.)

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, having acquired a world-wide reputation in the treatment of Chronic Diseases, his individual ability to conduct some years ago, he was elected to the Faculty of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, and was elected President of the same.

The Dispensary has been merged with the *INVALIDS' HOTEL*, and the Dispensary has been merged with the *INVALIDS' HOTEL*, and the Dispensary has been merged with the *INVALIDS' HOTEL*.

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